was a journalist, and a week ago no less a personage than the editor of the could lit on a new idea.

He had been cudgeling his brains ever ity.

tainly find it-a new iden! Charlie Bartlett watched the crowd musingly. He contemplated a pretty woman coming down the staircase and the youth at the cable counter and the boy behind the book stall. Then he wiped the perspiration from his face

and bought a newspaper.

Scanning the sheet he saw an advertisement that suggested possibilities, and he read it through again. It ran

"INTEMPERANCE-Refined home for a limited number of patients of both sexes, suffering from stimulants, chloral or the morphine habit; judiclous supervision; luxury and recreations; highest references. For pros-pectus and particulars, DR. FERGU-SON, The Retreat, Lake Lincoln."

The life in such a place ought to furalsh very good "copy" indeed. The "patients of both sexes" should make a peculiarly interesting study. "I think," said Charlie Bartlett to himself, "I think I may cry 'Eureka.' The thing hasn't been done and I'll drop a line to the worthy doctor this afternoon."

He wrote as a "victim to alcohol." He said that he wished to place himself under a firm, restraining influence. Fearing, however, that if he were at all bored\_his recovery might be retarded he would be glad to hear how many ladies and gentlemen were at present residing under Dr. Ferguson's roof.

The reply, which came by return of post, was satisfactory. The terms were very little higher than he had expected them to be, and the establishment contained twenty patients, of whom eight were ladies.

Lake Lincoln was a little over an hour's run from the city, and when the train deposited Bartlett at the platform he found that "The Retreat" was well known.

Dr. Ferguson welcomed him cordial-

"I am happy to see you, Mr. Bartlett," be said; "I guess you will not regret your step, sir. I guess if you are in carnest, sir, we shall soon have overcome the propensity complained of." Certain interrogatories followed, for

which he was partly prepared. Among other things he was asked how long he had been a victim to the habit, and remembering that his appearance did not resemble a confirmed drunkard's be was careful to say that it was only for a short time.

And then the doctor rang for the col-ored servant to show him to the bedroom allotted to him, and warned him that he must not feel offended at his baggage being examined when it was delivered, in order that it might be seen whether any spirits were secreted name."

'It's like the customs," he said. "that's all. One of our necessary 'customs!" He made the same joke to everybody in the first interview. Some patients laughed, and some smiled wryly. Charlie laughed, and the doctor was pretty sure that nothing was being smuggled this time.

"I am allowed to smoke, I suppose?" "Why, cert'nly," said Dr. Ferguson. "You are at liberty to do whatever you choose here, sir-all but one thing. and don't you forget it. We take sup-per at 0, Mr. Bartlett, and afterward, if

It might have been a "spa" hotel, he decided, as he seated himself at the table, and the suggestion grew stronger here appeared to find the same delight

in dwelling on his symptoms.

A man next him, sipping Apollinaris, turned and remarked: "No craving today—this is the third day without any craving, sir. Wonderful."

A woman opposite groaned audibly and shook her head at her neighbor with a word of significance. "Low," she said, in a whisper, "mighty low! How are you, dear?" This patient, he subsequently learned, was suffering from the deprivation of her chloral.

Gaking about him, his view was met by a girl who could scarcely have been more than five-and-twenty years of age. Her pale face was extremely interesting, and her beauty, in conjunction with her youth and the situation, made her a pathetic figure to behold. Ho wondered for what particular vice sho was being treated, and if she would be cured. He hoped he would be introduced to her later.

The hope was fulfilled. They were made known to each other by Dr. Ferguson in the garden-"Mr. Bartlett, Miss Vancouver." She, smiled gra-

ciously.

"May I," murmured Charlie, "if it isn't indiscreet—? But, perhaps 1 oughtn't to ask." What am I here for do you mean?'s

-I'm a morpho-maniac; what's yours?" "Er-drink," he said bashfully. "But I'm not a very bad case, you know; I've put myself under restraint early." "Oh!" she said. She laid her hand on his arm, as if by a sudden impulse. "Den't you crave?" she whispered.

"Aren't you burning to be at it? Tell

"I should enjoy a little whisky, cer-tainly," he admitted. "And how about yourself? You are getting over theer—weakness, you say?"
"Don't you helieve it! I'm hopeless

that's what I am; nothing will ever cure me. He thinks I am getting on,

and I'm quiet and I deceive him, but when I'm out —"

"You will do it again?"

"Oh," she gasped, "I'd love it! I'd love it this minute—now. Haven't you ever tried it? It's beautiful! Don't entir announced that the "outsider"

YOUNG Englishman was sit-ting in the hall of a hotel in Chi-cago gnawing his mustache. He ation of whisky; I can't understand

So be explained to her, as well as he Chanticleer had offered to consider a could, being a temperate young man, series of articles from his pen if he could hit on a new idea.

could hit on a new idea.

> Then their conversation drifted into pleasanter channels, and he discovered that, her passion apart, she was a singularly bright and intellectual companion. They discussed a variety of topics, from literature to lawn tennis, and said "Good night" at last, with the arrangement that they should make up a match on the following afternoon, a couple of decent courts being among the doctor's "recreations,"

> In one way and another Bartlett found himself in Miss Vancouver's soclety a great deal during the next few

Primarily be thought it was because she was able to supply him with so much material for the "series"—she was acquainted with the details of every inmate's case—but by degrees he was forced to own that it was because he liked her. Strange as it may sound -as it did sound to Bartlett-she attracted him, no longer as good "copy," but as a girl.

It was only as his interest in her deepened that the painful fact con-stantly oppressed him, and then he came to the conclusion that she was occupying his thoughts much more than was desirable and he determined to bring his investigations to a close. He told her one morning that his stay

was terminating. "I have been here three weeks and I have not tasted a drop of whisky the whole time," he said. "If I can do whole time," he said. "If I can do capes, etc., for ladies out of their own without it for three weeks I can do skin." "A boy wanted who can open without it always. Miss Vancouver, I am cured."

She gazed at him sadly.

"I hope so," she said, "but I never yet heard of so quick a cure. Have you spoken to the doctor?"

"I intend to do so," replied Charlie. "Anyhow, I have not been placed here -I can leave whenever I like."

They were in the garden as usual; Miss Vancouver was lying in a hammock. She had a white dress on, and her hair was ruffled by the cushion and the breeze. He thought he had never seen her look so charming, so subver-sive to his common sense. Her dark eyes were regretful, almost tender.

"Sha'n't I go?" he said. "How-how can I advise you?" said Miss Vancouver. "You must do what

you think best." He stood frowning at the grass and, more than ever, he knew that it was true. He was in love with her. Nothing more hideous could well have happened to him. In love with this girl. Yes, indeed, the sooner he went the better for his peace of mind.

"Do you know that you have never told me your name?" he said huskily; "I should like to know your Christian

"It's Frankle."

"'Frankle Vancouver'-it's curious; afternoon, Miss Frankle Vancouver. Will you say good-by to me now?" He knew as he turned away across

fond of her, and she, as she lay watching his receding figure, knew that she

And, of course, it was one of those things that he ought to have ridiculed and sneered at and forgotten. Only he could not. It remained a horrible con-sciousness with him that the girl he it is pleasant, summer evenings, sit in loved was shut up in an establishment at Lake Lincoln for treatment for the morphia vice.

Sometimes the picture of what she might become forced itself between him and his work, and the face of Frankle ten years hence glared up at him from the manuscript. Then he shuddered and left his desk, and the article did not progress very rapidly the rest of that day.

He found it so difficult to concentrate his attention on what he was doing that it was a fortnight before No. 1 of the series was finished. After that, however, he fell into the swing of the thing, and went on apace.

He had decided to submit the six papers-he meant to have six-all at once, and, when they were done he rubbed his hands. They represented an editorial compliment and a very substantial check, he calculated.

He was staying in a boarding-house, and he was inclined to be careless in his habits. What was his dismay the following morning, on unfolding his copy of the Chanticleer, to see that he had been forestalled. There it was with terrific headlines, and a "leader" calling attention to it besides—"The Liquor and the Ladies! Life in a Dipsomaniac Home. By Our Special Commissioner. To Be Continued Day by Day. Dainty Dames Demand Drink Desperately! Startling Stories of Some

Sinners in Society!" He caught up his hat and cane and jumped on the first cable car that passshe said, turning her big eyes on him ed him. The editor of the Chanticleer frankly. "Oh, my trouble is morphia was in, and, as it happened, accessible. "I want to know who's doing your 'Dipsomaniae Home' series?" began

Charlie. "I suppose it isn't a secretwho is he?" "Well," said the editor. "I guess it ain't your affair, but I don't mind telling you. The stuff was sent in by an 'outsider,' and I thought it a good

dea. What do you ask for, anyhow?" "What do I ask for?" echoed Charlie excitedly; "look here—and here—and here!" He showered his manuscripts on the table as he spoke. "You told me to do you some articles on a new subject; I did the articles; and now this infernal outsider of yours has robbed me of my matter. I leave my desk open and he has been at it." "Well," remarked the other, "all that

He whistled through a tube, and pres

was George R. Wilbrow, and the ac-dress given was on the North Side. Charfie drew a long breath and de-

It was an awkward road to find, but he got to it at last.

He stood on the hearth rug and felt the suppleness of his cane. Then the door opened and admitted Miss Frank le Vancouver! Both started violently; both uttered

the same monosyllable at the same mo-

ment-"You?"

"But-but, how-?" gasped Charlie,
"'George R. Wilbrow' is my pen name," she explained. "I am a jour-nalist. That is why I am at the Re-I only shammed the morphia-I had to be something terrible, or I couldn't have got in. I hope you are

keeping sober," she added. Sober!" he cried; "why, heavens above! I am a journalist; I shammed the whisky; I, too, have written a series of papers, and that's the reason-I expected to find a man, and had come to thrast him. Will you let me shake your dear little hand again, instead?" And she did let him, and he kept on shaking it; and then, somehow or other, his arm was around her waist and she was crying on his shoulder, and-and the rest was banal.—The Sketch.

Funny Advertisements. Curiously worded advertisements, which are funny without intent, are common in the London papers, it would seem. An English periodical offered a prize the other day for the best collection of such announcements, and the following is the result:

"Annual sale now on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated-come in here." "A lady wants to sell her plane, as sha is going abroad in a strong iron frame." "Furnished apartments, suitable for gentlemen with folding doors." "Wanted, a room by two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad." "Lost, a collie dog by a man on Saturday answering to Jim with a brass collar round his neck and a muzzle." "Wanted, by a respectable girl, her

passage to New York; willing to take care of children and a good sallor." "Respectable widow wants washing for Tuesday." "For sale—A planoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs." "Mr. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns "A boy wanted who can open oysters with reference." "Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children." "Wanted-An organist and a boy to blow the same." "Wanted--A boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter." "Wanted-For the summer, a cottage for a smail famlly with good drainage." "Lost-Neur, Highgate archway, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib and a bone handle." "Widow in comfortable circumstances wishes to marry two sons." "Wanted—Good boys for punching." "To be disposed of, a mail phacton, the property of a gentleman with a movable headplece as good as

The last is a copy of an inscription painted on a board which adorned a fence in Kent: "Notis: If any man's or woman's cows gets into these here otes, his or her tail will be cut off as the case may be."

Laurence Hutton's Dog.

To go back a little. Mop was the first person who was told of my engagement, and he was the first to greet he wife when she came home, a bride, to his own house. He had been made to understand, from the beginning, that she did not like dogs-in general. And he set bimself out to please, and somehow it suits you. I shall go this He had a delicate part to play, and he played it with a delicacy and a tact which rarely have been equalled. He did not assert himself; he kept himself the lawn that she understood he was in the background; he said little; his approaches at first were slight and almost imperceptible, but he was always ready to do or to help in an unaggressive way. He followed her about the house, up stairs and down stairs, and he looked and waited. Then he began to sit on the trail of her gown; to stand as close to her as was fit and proper; once in a while, to jump upon the sofa beside her, or luto the easy chair behind her, winking at me from time to time in his quiet way.

And at last he was successful. One dreary winter, when he suffered terribly from inflammatory rheumatism, he found his mistress making a bed for him by the kitchen fire, getting up in the middle of the night to go down to look after him, when he uttered in pain the cries he could not help. And when a bottle of very rare old brandy, kept by me for some extraordinary occasion of festivity, was missing, I was told that it had been used in rubbing Mop!-St. Nicholas.

No Proof of His Powers. "Ethel!"

"Yes, papa." "I believe you told me once that young Litewait claimed to be a hyp-

"Oh, he is one, papa. I know he is." "He's proved it to your satisfaction, has he?" "Yes, papa."

"Was he trying to demonstrate it when I saw him kissing you in the con servatory?" The beautiful girl blushed.

"Yes, papa." "You considered that satisfactory proof, did you?" 'Yes, papa."

"And you're sure it was hypnotism?" "Perfectly certain, papa." "You wouldn't try to deceive your poor old father in a matter of that sort, vould you?"
"No, indeed, papa."

The old man shook his head doubt-

"I think it would have looked more like a genuine case of hypnotism if he had kissed your mother or me," he said. "However, we'll not discuss that. I have made up my mind, though, that all hypnotists must keep away from "Why, papa?"

"My observation convinces me that; you are too good a subject to make it possible for any of them to demonstrate any real hypnotic power to my satisfaction. As for young Litewait, you may say to him that I feel certain that I can hypnotise him so perfectly that he would never know what hit

Men, as a rule, de not like to lie, but their wives ask too many questions.

The property of the property o

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